GRANT AND THE CHILDREN.

[Original.]

The children at play on the pavement,
Hushed voices and steps, they say,
Passing the home where dying
The dear old General lay.

They knew that the sturdy hero,
Who had fought so bravely and long,
Was caught in the toils of a foeman
For mortal skill too strong.

They had heard that gentle and patient,
With never a weak complaint,
Were the words of the gallant soldier,
Till heart and flesh grew faint.

He had faced the storm of cannon,
And the muskets' rattling hail,
With a lip set grim and steadfast
And an eye that would not quail.

But the hurtling darts of danger
Were nought to the ordeal's pain
Which fiercely endeavored to crush him,
Yet strove with his soul in vain.

For the man who rode undaunted
Through the battle's scarlet tide
To the fight with the last destroyer
Brought a hero's courage tried.

And dying, he wins a trophy
Which only the victors wrest
From the hand of reluctant fortune
When hope is gone from the breast.

When strength is spent, and darkness
Falls on the lonely field,
And Love, over Death triumphant,
Is an angel of light revealed.

I am glad that the little children
Grew silent amid their play,
Passing the home where, dying,
The grand old General lay.

It is well that the nation's children
Should honor the nation's best,
Who wore the lily of patience
On his brave, unconquered breast.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BROOKLYN, April 22.

THE DEACON'S TITHE.

[Sunday-School Times.]

They had a new minister at Seabrook. One Parson Thornleigh, who had kept the flock for forty years, had gone to his long home; and in his stead had come an honest, plain-spoken young divine with an earnest, fearless eloquence of his own. And now the worn door-stone of the little gray church on the hill was once more trodden by feet which had long been strangers to it. The minister boarded, having no family, at Deacon Larrabee's.

"He's the least bit uncertain on some points," said the deacon, leaning on his hoe-handle, and talking across the fence to his neighbor Gray, who leaned on his hoe-handle to listen—"a bit uncertain. But I like him—I do, no mistake; and I believe the Lord's going to bless us through him!"

"Amen!" was neighbor Gray's hearty response.

They hoed a dozen hills in silence, their hoes keeping time to the merry song of a bird in the orchard. Then Mr. Gray paused to wipe the perspiration from his face.

"This hot weather's liable to make sickness," said he. "I suppose you've heard that one of the Widow Sperry's boys is down with a fever!"

"Sho! now you don't say so!" exclaimed the deacon, commiseratingly. "Make it hard for her, won't it!"

"Yes, particularly when she's so lately lost her cow. I've been saying that we'd all ought to take hold and make it up to her. If I'd more than one cow on my place, I wouldn't stand to talk long, now, I tell you; but I lost my two best ones last spring. If I hadn't—"

It might have been unintentional that, suddenly facing about, Mr. Gray threw his glance toward the hill pasture where his neighbor's cows were quietly feeding. At all events, the deacon could scarcely help noticing the action. And he understood its purport. An uneasy flush mounted to his face as he struck vigorously into the next hill.

"She ought to have kept her cow out of the road. My cattle never get into the mill pond and drown. If they should I would not expect anybody to make 'em up to me. She'd no more call, had the widow, to let her cow run, than I'd have to turn my whole drove out."

"Its a pretty hard case, nevertheless," said Mr. Gray.

And then the fragmentary coversation, tossed piece-meal back and forth across the fence as the neighbors went steadily on with their work, drifted into other channels.

There had been an interested listener to the colloquy narrated above. On the shady side of the wall which separated Deacon Larrabee's orchard and cornfield, sat, book in hand, the Rev. Mr. Weston. He arose, as the chat which floated to his hearing began to be of crops and haying, and walked slowly away along the orchard path, with a thoughtful smile upon his face.

That night, when the deacon took the shining milk pails from the dresser and proceeded to the farm yard, the young clergyman followed him. He stood leaning against the bars, watching the yellow stars come out in the sky and looking abroad over the deacon's possessions, shadowy now, but substantial enough by daylight.

"You are a prosperous man, deacon."

A smile of satisfaction overspread the deacon's countenance as he stood for a moment patting the sleek neck of a favorite cow.

"Well, yes," said he; "but I've made myself. A pig and a pitchfork, sir, was all I had to begin with."

"How does your neighbor Gray get along?"

"Gray? well, truth to tell, he'll never be forehanded if he lives to the age of Methuselah. He's a hard-working man enough, but the way 'tis I can't tell you; there's never a poor creature comes into our town that doesn't head direct for John Gray's. Must be instinct teaches 'em, for he gives to 'em all, deserving or not. I believe he'd take the coat off his back if 'twas needed. He's a good neighbor—a good neighbor; but he'll never get anything to speak of ahead."

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal," quoted the minister.

"Yes, yes; but if I mind me right the good book says something, too, about providing for one's own household—eh?"

Mr. Weston smiled. "I believe there is a passage to that effect," said he.

"And," went on the deacon, a little triumphantly, "if neighbor Gray would give a certain portion—

"'A tithe!' interpolated the minister.

"And not go beyond that," continued Deacon Larrabee, "he'd be better off in one respect, and no worse off in the other, to my thinking. I don't believe in—in indiscriminate giving."

"Nor do I," was the quiet rejoinder. Then there was silence while Deacon Larrabee filled another pail with snowy foam.

"How many cows have you, deacon?"

"Ten," answered the deacon with a pardonable pride showing itself in voice and feature; "and it's the finest herd in our country. They're grade Jerseys."

"Yes," returned Mr. Weston, a little absently. Then, after a slight pause, "Deacon, I overheard the conversation between you and your neighbor Gray this morning, relating to Mrs. Sperry and her misfortunes. Poor lady! She does need substantial sympathy. Can you afford to lend a tithe of your cows to the lord?

"Which means that I give one of them to the widow," uttered the deacon, with a wry face. "No, sir, I'm afraid I can't. She wanted to buy one the other day, but I told her I'd none to spare. It was all owing to her carelessness that she lost her cow, and I don't believe in upholding improvidence. Get to going on that way, and we'd all be on the town farm before we knew it."

Mr. Weston wore a thoughtful expression, yet a gleam of something like amusement lighted up his eyes.

"Will you sell me one of your cows?" he asked.

"I—I have no need of the money now," replied the deacon hesitatingly.

The minister continued: "I heard you say this morning that you would be glad to give a good man extra wages to help you through your haying, but you were afraid it would be difficult to procure the needful assistance at any price. Will you take me, and let me pay for the cow in that way?"

A twinkle both genial and quizzical dawned in the deacon's gray eyes. For a moment he studied the young minister attentively. He was not at all what his neighbors would have denominated free-handed, yet he had a just appreciation of the quality of benevolence in other people. Neither was he a hard man at heart. It was only that the prosperity which had attended his every undertaking caused him to look upon the lack of it in a neighbor's affairs as an entirely unnecessary evil—one which prudence and forethought might overcome. Now he shook his petitioner's hand heartily.

"It's a bargain," said he. "When will you take the cow off my hands?"

"To-night, if you will lend me your assistance," was the ready response.

"Better take one of those I haven't milked," said the deacon, with a smile, "and save me trouble."

Accordingly, a little while later, the minister, accompanied by the deacon, led his recent acquisition down the farm house lane, and away along the thoroughfare of the sleepy little hamlet to the tiny cottage where dwelt Mrs. Sperry and her brood. There they fastened the animal to a convenient post, rapped softly, and departed, with the peaceful consciousness which attends upon a worthy deed resting upon one of them, at least, as a mantle.

Next morning, when the deacon, hoe on shoulder, was leaving his door yard for his cornfield, he encountered Mrs. Sperry. Her eyes were red, as with long watching and weeping, and her thin lips trembled with the emotion which she vainly endeavored to control.

She put out both hands to him. "Deacon Larrabee," she said, "I have come to thank you, and ask your forgiveness. Oh, I have had such hard thoughts of you—how cruelly hard only God knows—and my own heart. Why, I almost came to pray that some dreadful misfortune might overtake you—and all because you would not sell me the cow you meant to give me."

"I—really—I—" began the deacon. The situation was a most embarrassing one, and rendered doubly so by the knowledge that beside the open window of the room appropriated to his library the minister was sitting, no doubt enjoying the conversation in the fullest measure. "Really, Mrs. Sperry—I—"

"Now, don't try to deny it," laughed the widow, a little nervously. "I knew the cow, Deacon Larrabee, and—" she laughed again—"I am bowed with contrition to think of my unjust feelings toward you. But I shall always pray that you may prosper, hereafter, deacon; for I am sure you will have a good account of your stewardship for the Master."

The deacon mopped his scarlet face in sore perplexity. How could he confess that the gift was none of his? Yet there really seemed no other way of escaping from the one-horned dilemma in which he found himself, unless—

Well, the widow's generous thanks were very pleasant to hear; and, after a momentary deliberation, the old deacon's good sense and genuine manliness came to the fore. He only wished that the happy thought had been his, the charity his own spontaneous deed.

"I am glad if the gift pleases you, Mrs. Sperry," said he, taking her hand; "and now please say no more about it. Go into the house and see the woman. I'll warrant she has a glass of jelly for the sick boy."

To Mr. Weston, later on he said, with a laugh, and a jocular twinkle in his eye, "I've hired my man, and shall not need you; so we'll shake hands and call it square. I think that's what I meant to do all the while, though I wasn't really sensible of it. But I'll tell you one thing, Brother Weston, I don't believe the next tithe will come so hard.

The Ameer's Toothache.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The ameer of Afghanistan has been obliged to bear a bad toothache without relief for reasons of state. Abdul Rahman asked a British dentist in upper India to come to Kabool and treat the objectionable tooth, but the foreign office actually forbade the dentist to take the journey, according to The Times of India.

School-Houses in Persia.

[Exchange.]

In Teheran, Persia, the tea-houses are all open to the public, and even the schools are exposed like the shops, often having shops on each side. The boys sit on their heels in rows and repeat the lesson after the master, apparently undisturbed by the continual hubbub going on around them.

In and Out of London.

It is computed that 750,000 people go into London by rail every day to earn their livelihood, and leave it at night, and yet an accident rarely occurs.

So-called deserts of Arizona are now covered with grass and flowers.

INDIAN SUMMER.

["Mileta" in Chicago Times.]

I.

There are many handsome and well-appointed villas, cottages, and residences of more pretensions, to enliven the beautiful and still secluded shores of a bright blue arm of the sea that intersects the southern suburbs of a certain city which sits by the Atlantic gate of this wide continent.

One of the most charming dwellings of the chateau class was owned and occupied, when he was at home, which to say the truth, was not always, by a gentleman whose character and habits harmonized with the refinements of his abode.

Oliver Rae was not a man who was dwarfed by his money. Ordinary and wordly people even recognized something better than that in connection with him, perhaps because he had a practical mode of showing his taste and culture in ways which very common folk could understand. His pleasures were mostly of that sort which are a gain to others, and he constantly kept a small army of people employed upon his various hobbies and improvements.

He was always planning something new and carrying out his designs with more or less energy. There was winter work and summer work provided for the young and the old with an active care which was partly owing to a large-hearted wisdom and sense of duty, and partly also to the spur of restless and unsatisfied feeling. But this latter motive was his secret, and acknowledged only to himself. It was the true reason, however, of that weariness of spirit which occasionally mastered him in the midst of his busy projects, and drove him with the sting of a whip to other scenes and pursuits.

Then the gorgeous peacocks missed his foot upon the lawn, identified, as it had always been, with a liberal allowance of crushed biscuit, and his beautiful pet deer, Tom and Molly, looked vainly over the paddock fence for buns and lump sugar. He traveled, when these fits were upon him, in strange countries, or explored the wild places of his own, fishing and hunting, but never stayed away very long at a time.

He seldom came back from distant cities or returned from a sportman's ramble without bringing something rich or rare, curious, beautiful, or interesting to people of taste and knowledge. For in spite of his frequent absences he loved the place, and had the true domestic instinct which could have made a home in a wigwam.

The house was built with towers and turrets, and gables at all sides and corners, and, as a consequence, nearly all the rooms were diversified by delightful nooks and alcoves, and great bay windows, which under skillful management had each assumed a peculiar character, and were so many shrines of varied treasure. This pleasant spot took its name from a noble group of Norway pines which stood between the seaward end of the house and the water, thereby sheltering the dwelling in the only quarter from which rough blasts were to be dreaded. The trees were not unworthy of the distinction, for they formed one of the most noticeable features of the property, their tall, majestic trunks and dark plume-like foliage, through which the blue sunlit water glanced and sparkled, giving dignity to the gay garden plots and sunny lawns. But "The Pines" had no mistress, and the master was what is called a disappointed man, although that fact was unknown save to himself and one other, and certainly no longer a young one.

Fully ten years previous he had bought the property and had pitched his tent, so to speak, in this lovely neighborhood, with certain definite hopes which he had allowed to grow into cherished expectations, but which had all come to nothing.

Clasping the opposite side of the strait towered a line of grand hills, richly wooded from their softly undulting crests to the water's edge, the forest broken here and there by the cleared fields, which shone like emeralds in the sun; and at this earlier period there was a handsome summer residence on the shore, occupied by an agreeable family, with which Mr. Rae lived on terms of familiar intercourse.

He was not even then a boy, and was a welcomed companion in the quiet evenings to Mrs. and Mr. Osgoode, when he was not forcibly appropriated by the juvenile branches, who received him with an exuberant delight delight, which notwithstanding its occasional inconvenience, was still very pleasant to him.

For there was an elder sister, not long herself emerged from childhood, gay and gentle as a bird, yet shining a little apart from this wild troop with a sweet serenity which had unconsciously entranced the heart of her neighbor. Hesperus he sometimes called her, and in a fanciful way connected her in his own mind with the twilight peace and mild splendor of the lovely planet which at the dusky hour hung over the curving hills that encircled her home.

He feared to startle her by an open show of his feelings. He thought her too young to have her maiden mind disturbed by what was fast becoming to him the passion of a lifetime, and he was content to jump into his boat at the evening hour for the five minutes' voyage which landed him at Elm grove.

While he was, with a good-deal of self-denial, pondering these things, a less scrupulous man was taking time by the forelock, and neglecting no opportunity to advance his own interests. They all went to town for the winter months, and when the spring season, according to the calendar, had arrived without bringing with it spring winds and balmy airs, Mr. and Mrs. Osgoode, with their eldest daughter, started on a somewhat extensive tour in search of fine weather.

They visited first some of the pleasantest southern haunts of the republic, and went later to upper Canada, greatly enjoying the delightful month of May, which in Ontario contrasts so charmingly with that unpoetical season in the Atlantic provinces.

They were not quite a family party, two or three friends who were pleased with the projected excursion having joined them; and amongst these was a young man who was just appointed to an excellent position in a great mercantile house in New York, who wanted, so he said, a happy holiday before entering upon responsible duties.

His prospects were very good; in fact, a sort of coming into an inheritance, for he was a relative of the firm, and the place he was to occupy was one of those reserved almost as an entail for the benefit of sons and nephews of the principals.

Philip Lorimer was a young gentleman of good looks and education, with plenty of determination and that sort of spirit which makes men "fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming."

His gifts were not at all shrouded by humility or self-misgivings, and as, according to his own light, he was very much in love with Agnes Osgoode, he made such good use of the numerous opportunities which two months of constant intercourse in the pleasant vicissitudes of travel afforded him, that perhaps it was not surprising when the journey was over that he and Agnes returned engaged lovers.

The next day Mr. Rae went earlier than usual to Elm grove. He was starving for a sight of Agnes, and she wandered with him about the grounds chatting cheerfully of the tour which had fulfilled all their expectations, and been marred by so few disagreeable events or rainy days; and he listened to her with such a gladness shining in his eye as might, at another time, have enlightened her unsuspecting heart.

They had walked down to the water-side to a rustic seat under a fine old elm, whose boughs stretched their wide arms over the softly lapping waves.

"You are making a lovely place of 'the Pines,'" she said, looking across to the bright turf and masses of glowing color on the opposite bank. "You are always doing something new there."

Then suddenly, and without any premeditation, he told her of the love he felt no longer able to conceal.

He told her of the hope always in his mind in the midst of his plans and improvements, and of the considerations which had deterred him from speaking to her sooner, but he had been sure, he said, that she had not been wholly ignorant of his feelings, and that thought emboldened him now to ask her if she could love him, or be content with a lot which would be immeasurably beyond content to him.

He knew there was some truth in the proverb which says "there is always one who loves, and one who is willing to be loved," but he was not exacting, and, in this case, would have been happy if he had known that he got less than he gave. But it was indescribably bitter to him to hear that he was not to get anything. Great surprise had left her silent while he was speaking, and she had not been collected enough to stop him.

But, as he paused, she turned her innocent eyes of light to his face, and seeing there the true heart she had never seen before, said, with falling tears:

"I have not been to blame. Indeed, I never had the shadow of a thought that you liked me this way, or I should have tried to spare you this moment. But I must tell you the truth now. It is best you should hear it first from me. I am to be married next month to Philip Lorimer."

He still looked at her, but made no protests in words against the stroke which shivered the whole fabric of life to him. She saw the kind, familiar face of her old friend, with its warm hues of health, blanch and sharpen with mute, intolerable pain, and even then an undefined instinct told her that this was different love from that she had so lately chosen as her portion; and the blind, swift thought crossed her mind like a pang.

He was conscious of a desire to get away while he was still master of himself, and silently put out his hand to her. As she laid her soft little palm in his she said:

"You will come back this evening. Papa will want so much to see you."

"No," he replied, "not yet. If he wonders at my absence tell him the reason of it if you like."

"I shall not do that," she said; steadily. "I shall tell no one. At least, I can do that much for you. Let this be between you and me only, and promise that you will come soon."

"I shall go to the woods for a while," he answered, "but will see your father and mother first. And now good-bye."

He dropped the hand he had been holding in that lingering clasp and turned quickly to his boat, which lay but a few yards below in the shade of the old elm tree.

Agnes watched the rapid strokes of his oars as the little skiff sped across the narrow strait, and saw him reach the landing-steps at "the Pines," but his hair was gray before she saw Oliver Rae again.

Agnes Osgoode was married and gone to her new home in New York before Mr. Rae returned to "the Pines." He came back apparently the same man that he had formerly been, yet not at all the same if there had been anyone sufficiently concerned to observe the difference.

His dumb friends and favorites felt a change in him, and knew obscurely that their affections were not so welcome to him as they had been. The peacocks certainly were wholly unsentimental, being noisy and greedy, as usual, and, so long as he came to them with full hands, missed nothing.

But by degrees his human acquaintance began to perceive that he was a growing a different sort of man. He was graver and sterner, and seemed older than his years would warrant. He was less patient and mirthful with children than he used to be. He was not at all so pleasant a man among ladies as they once remembered him, and finally even his neighbor, Mr. Osgoode, would say that "Rae was out of sorts, and not so good a fellow as he had been."

But he went his own way and struggled against listlessness and despondency, though he found it hard to do his duty in the world for duty's sake alone. Life looked very blank and gray to him, but he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for the world's wise daws to peck at. So the years followed one another, and time did his certain work in blunting the first anguish of a disappointment which was not forgotten.

He "got over it," as we say when we emerge, maimed and maried to our own consciousness at least, from the grasp of a great sorrow; but he did not recover the elasticity of a happy man. He did not marry, but resisted with quiet indifference the blandishments of ladies in need of husbands and the advice of some true friends who thought that a wife was just the one thing necessary for his completeness.

He had learned to take chaffing upon this subject easily, and put off his counselors with various excuses, all equally valid. At one time he said he "couldn't afford it," and, again, that he was "going to build a new green-house, and had no time to spare."

II

One bright cold April morning, about seven years after the marriage of Agnes Osgoode, tidings of an awful disaster were brought to Elm grove. A large steamship, crowded with emigrants, and carrying beside a number of cabin passengers, had been totally wrecked before daybreak, not many miles below the mouth of the harbor, upon one of the worst reefs which beset the perilous Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Lorimer had been in Europe for some months and was expected home by this vessel. His father-in-law, in company with many others, started at once for the scene of the wreck which was accessible in a few hours by land or water.

None who witnessed will ever forget the horrors of that day and the two or three that succeeded, nor the appalling duties the catastrophe involved. The dreadful story is within the recollection of us all. The ship, far out of her proper course, had been, by wicked carelessness, in the dark hours of early morning, run headlong upon the cruel breakers of Meagher's head, and in five minutes six hundred human creatures, most of them asleep, were swallowed by the pitiless sea. An hour later the chill dawn broke over the ghastly tragedy, and brought help from the shore to the few survivors; but Philip Lorimer was down under the shallow, boiling waters, one of that silent company for whom help was vain.

Though deeply shocked and saddened by it, this terrible event did not leave Agnes crushed and heart-broken. She had her only child, her dear little daughter Nannie, for a comforter, and her loss was not one that actually impoverished her life. Her husband had been kind and liberal to her, but he was a worldly man who had been unequal to her hopes and illusions, and unwilling, perhaps unable, to share her nobler thoughts of life. He had felt that his nature was at variance with her sweet and serious character, but had not thought it a matter of much consequence so long as he allowed her to do as she pleased. He was always busy, and she carried out her kind and generous projects alone without sympathy from him.

She would have been really lonely in the great city where she had found a new home had it not been for her child, who at the time of Philip's death was about 4 years old. But that companionship was an unfailing delight which fed her heart and almost compensated for what she had missed in her husband.

In the third year of her widowhood Oliver Rae heard that Mrs. Lorimer was coming to visit her old home. She was to come for an indefinite period, her affairs having been settled in a way which left her at liberty to live where she chose. The intelligence brought with it a sense of pain, but did not stir his feelings deeply at first, as he built no personal hopes upon the fact that she was free to marry again. But there was a sentiment of joy in the thought that at least he should see her again and often, for his old habits of intimacy with the Osgoodes remained unbroken.

"If I find that it costs me too much to see her every day, I must run for it," he said to himself. "I am not such a fool as to nourish hope again after all these years. She had never even a suspicion that I loved her in the old time, so little did she think of me in that light. And she is a beautiful young woman and I am a gray-haired man, now."

"But she is still Hesperus to me," he concluded, not without a sigh.

So he settled it on his own mind that there was to be no renewal of that former misery. But, all the same, the longing to see her again grew more imperious every day.

And while birds were singing and roses blooming in the long, bright summer days, she came, with the spiritual eyes, and fair, pale cheek, and serene forehead of girlhood scarcely touched by time. Her bright, brown hair, simply parted and brushed behind her ears, had the same little natural curling locks, like tiny feathers, separating themselves from restraint with the careless grace he remembered so well.

From the first day of her arrival little Nan took to Oliver Rae with the same zest she might have shown toward a new and acceptable playmate. She put her small hand in his and led him about, and chattered to him with as much confidence and delight as if he had been 7 years old instead of 45. It was love at first sight on her part, and never was such a compliment more warmly responded to.

But the child soon had a formidable competitor for the favor of her mature admirer. An early friend of the young widow had been invited to spend part of the summer at Elm grove.

Rhoda Leigh was younger than Agnes, a sprightly and vivacious girl, independent of headaches and various moods and Mrs. Osgoode thought she would be a cheerful companion and help to make the house pleasant for her daughter.

Miss Leigh was very handsome, as some people understand beauty. That is to say, she was amply endowed with those attractions of which you can make out an inventory. She had dark, dazzling eyes with long curling lashes, luxuriant shining hair almost as deep in hue, white teeth, and coral lips; milky throat and cheeks of bloom, with a figure petite and graceful as the conventional fairy.

What more could be wanted? Something more and something different was wanted, at least by some stubborn and fastidious people; the indefinable charm of loveliness, which was quite absent from the beauty of Rhoda Leigh.

Still, in any case, a formidable rival, one would think, in spite of this intangible drawback. But Nan was not at all afraid of her, only considering her rather in the way when she found the young lady so frequently assisting to gather marguerites in the meadow for mamma or volunteering to take an oar for practice when she and Mr. Rae went on their little boating excursion up the blue water of the lovely southwest arm. As the summer heats deepened, they lived much out of doors.

The adjacent villas were full of nice people, and there was a constant succession of those small rural festivities which are so charming when they include claret-cup and well bred company.

Rhoda Leigh was the inspiring genius upon most of the occasions, and planned and suggested both for Elm grove and "the Pines." She had so many consultations with the owner of the latter place, and was so much in need of his assistance in the necessary arrangements, not only for the Osgoode parties, but for his own also, which she undertook in a great measure to construct, that they were seen together enough to make the fact remarkable.

This was such a new sort of behavior on the part of an apparently unsusceptible man that masculine observers began to say, "Rae was done for at last; and no wonder, such a beautiful girl! But would she have him—a man so much older than herself?" Ladies were more critical, and thought she would. Undoubtedly she would. That was just what she intended, and she worked so skillfully as to make it appear that the continual intercourse between herself and the bachelor was the result of her own seeking. Only themselves knew anything to the contrary; but "all's well that ends well," and she was quite sure that she should conquer with such good opportunities.

In the meantime he was a little amused and by no means blind. Although not a vain man, he was aware of having received many obliging intimations that it was most imperative upon him to remain in his present forlorn condition; and this was one of them. And it shook him up and did him a deal of good. But many a man had been wounded by such a capable archer, and not quite ignorantly either.

Agnes looked on with a little ache and wonder in her heart, and took pains to avoid her old lover as much as possible. She had formed no distinct idea that he would ask her again to marry him, but she had seen that the tranquility with which he greeted her return was not that of indifference, and she had a sense of security and pride in believing that she still held a cherished place in his regard which was very sweet to her. She knew, with the infallible instinct of a woman in her position, the caliber of Rhoda's feelings toward Mr. Rae, and, putting herself out of the question, was unselfishly sorry to see him in danger of being caught with husks instead of golden grain.

"She has no love for him" Agnes said to herself with a gentle indignation, "and that is what he needs so much. By and by, after he has married her, he will see how the temptation deluded him. She will fill his house with company, and he will grow old a lone hearted man."

But it was impossible for her to interfere by word or sign, so she kept away from them, and the pensive tinge which had stolen upon the beauty of her girlish days deepened with a new regret.

Meanwhile the August days were shortening. The rich verdure of the aftermath shone in the sunny meadows, and the brown stooks were encamped in the uplands. The dahlias flaunted in their unlovely perfection, and the locusts chirruped in the glowing morn, but autumnal whispers were already stealing through the breezes of morn and eve, and Miss Leigh was growing a trifle anxious, for the proposed term of her visit was drawing to a close, and she was not yet affianced to the master of "the Pines."

In this enchanting weather an expedition was gotten up, ostensibly for fern-digging, but principally with the object of picnicking in the woods at the head of the arm. The spot selected was indeed a natural fernery, where fine specimens of some of the best native sorts could be produced, and was situated on the slope of one of the hills which there close round the water. Some of the party drove round the edge of the curving shores, while a flotilla of the others went gayly up with the tide to the place of destination. The roomy basket carriage of the Osgoodes sufficed for the family and its guest, but Mr. Rae said he would row up, and invited little Nan to be his companion for the voyage. The ladies said they felt slighted, but he only laughed at them, and carried off his youthful friend in triumph.

The day was perfect, and Miss Leigh was in a radiant temper, for she had been successful in appropriating the attentions of Oliver Rae in a manner more marked than usual. Nan, to be sure, followed her up pretty closely, but she made a wreath of shining oak leaves for the bachelor's broad-brimmed Panama, and delighted the child by deputing her to crown that adored comrade. She observed the cordiality with which he accepted his laurels, and thought it was impossible he could show so much pleasure in wearing them solely on the child's account.

As the afternoon grew late Mrs. Lorimer called Nannie to her side, and the pair sauntered away among the trees together.

"The child will be in their way," she thought. "I wish I had not come home this summer, but how could I foresee such a pang!"

In the meantime Rhoda had said to Mr. Rae; "There is a batch of holly fern behind that tall rock on the slope. Come and dig them for me before anyone else finds them."

He carried her basket and dug the ferns carefully. She loitered in her search for specimens until the waning day warned them to return, but when he took up his burden cheerfully and descended the steep path which led back to society, his opportunity had been willfully neglected, and Miss Leigh was hardly clever enough to conceal her displeasure.

The first persons they met as they turned into the glade below were Nannie and her mother. The encounter was sudden, and as he looked at Agnes Mr. Rae was astonished to see, instead of the usual repose of that lovely countenance, a face disturbed and anxious, and a pair of eyes whose calm, untroubled light had given place to a glance of reproach and pain.

In a minute she was herself again, but his heart leaped with the joy of youth as he thought: "Is it possible she cares what I do?"

A quarter of an hour later they were all ready for the homeward journey. Horses were put in, and the boats waiting. Oliver Rae deposited Rhoda's ferns in the Osgoode carriage, and then he walked over to Mrs. Lorimer and proposed, with a voice not quite steady, that she and Nannie should go home with him in the boat.

"The water will be a picture," he added, "and there is not a chill in the air."

"O yes, mamma," said Nannie, "we will go in the boat."

The voyage was all that Mr. Rae had predicted and more. The crimson fervor of the western heaven shone above them, and every stroke of the oars parted its painted imagery in the silent stream. The noble hills looked down at their own likeness in the unruffled water, and over the topmost crest, as the colors faded into the neutral tints of the hour, hung the luminous star of twilight, ever young and fair.

Nannie was asleep, and very few words had been spoken by the elder pair, when the oarsman paused, and, pointing to the lustrous planet, said: "Look, Agnes. You were always that to me. My heart has not swerved in all these hopeless years. Will you and little Nan come to me now?"

She looked at him and saw a face so transfigured by love and hope that he seemed to have grown suddenly young again.

"Yes, Oliver," she said, "if it will make you a happier man to hear it, I have found out that I love you, for I have been jealous."

"I promise you, my dearest," said he, "that you will never be jealous again. She might as well," h added with a smile, "have watered a sandbank in the hope of seeing roses blow."

Cheap Doctors Abroad.

[Exchange.]

It seems that America is not the only country in which diplomas may be obtained without much headwork. A correspondent asks The London Medical Press: "At what college in the United Kingdom could a medical diploma be the easiest obtained?" He gets this reply: "Apply to one of the Dublin 'grinders;' with the aid of 'night lectures,' 'sham certificates,' 'credit fees,' and other well-known tricks of the trade, our correspondent's purpose can be served, provided he is not over-particular whether or not he knows anything about the profession." English medical journals have not always used over polite language about American diplomas.

Gen. Longstreet at Home.

[Chicago Times.]

Gen. Longstreet lives about two miles out of Gainesville, Ga. His house is a large two-story frame building, with a spacious veranda running in front. "Here," writes one who recently visited him, "the general sits, a typical patriarch, enjoying the peaceful days which have in them no trace of the terrible events with which his fame was connected in the early sixties. He cultivates wavy Burnside whiskers and moves about in a long, flowing dressing-gown."